

The Tragedie of *Phillis*, complaining of the disloyall  
Loue of *Amyntas*. To a pleasant new Court Tune.

**A** Myntas on a Summers day,  
to Sunne Apollo's beames,  
Was daining of his flockes away,  
to taste some cooling streames,  
And through a Forrest as he went,  
vnto a river side,  
A voyce which from a grone was sent  
inited him to bide.

The voyce well seem'd for to bewray  
some mal-contented minde:  
For oft times did he heare it say,  
Ten thousand times vnkind.  
The remnant of that raging mone,  
did all escape his eare:  
For euery woord brought forth a grone,  
and euery grone a teare.

And neuer when he did repaire,  
both face and voyce he knew:  
He saw that Phillis was come there,  
her plaints for to renew:  
Thus leaving her vnto her plaints,  
and sorrow-flaking grones:  
He heard her deadly discontents,  
thus all breahe forth at once.

Amyntas, is my loue to thee  
of such a light account,  
That thou disdainst to looke on mee,  
or loue as thou wast wont? (make,  
Were those the oathes that thou didst  
the vowes thou didst conceine,  
When I for thy contentments sake,  
mine hearts delight did leaue?

How oft didst thou protest to me,  
the Heauens should turne to nought:  
The Sunne should first obscured be,  
er'e thou wouldst change thy thought:  
Then Heauen, disolue without delay:  
Sunne shew thy face no more,  
Amyntas loue is lost for aye,  
and woe is me therefore.

Well might I, if I had beene wise,  
foresene what now I finde:  
But too much loue did fill mine eyes,  
and made my iudgement blinde:  
But ah, alas! the effect doth proue,  
thy drifts were but deceit,  
For true and vndissembled loue,  
will neuer turne to hate.

All thy behauiours were (God knowes)  
too smooth and too discreet:  
Like Sugar which impoisoned growes,  
suspect because its sweet:  
Mine oathes & vowes did promise more  
then well thou couldst performe,  
Each like a clame that comes before  
an unsuspected storme.

God knowes, it would not graue me  
for to be killd for thee: (much  
But oh! too nere it doth me touch,  
that thou shouldst murder me:  
God knowes, I care not for the paine  
can come for losse of breath:  
Tis thy vnkindnesse, cruell swaine,  
that grieues me to the death.

Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,  
if any fault of mine  
Hath given thee cause thus to betray  
mine hearts delight and thine?  
No no alas it could not be,  
my loue to thee was such,  
Unlesse if that I urged thee,  
in louing thee too much.

But ah, alas, what doe I gaine,  
by these my fond complaints?  
By dolour double thy disdain,  
my grieue thy joy augments:  
Although it yeld no greater good,  
it oft doth ease my mind:  
For to reproch thy ingratitude  
of him who is vnkind.

With that her hand cold, wan, and pale,  
vpon her brest she layes:  
And seeing that her breath did faile,  
the sighes, and then she saies,  
Amyntas, and with that poore maid,  
the sigh'd againe full soze:  
That after that she neuer said,  
noe sigh'd noe breath'd no more.

FINIS. R. A.

The Tragedie of *Phillis*, complaining of the disloyall  
Loue of *Amyntas*. To a pleasant new Court Tune.

**A** Myntas on a Summers day,  
to Sunne Apollo's beames,  
Was daining of his flockes away,  
to taste some cooling streames,  
And through a Forrest as he went,  
vnto a river side,  
A voyce which from a grone was sent  
inited him to bide.

The voyce well seem'd for to bewray  
some mal-contented minde:  
For oft times did he heare it say,  
Ten thousand times vnkind.  
The remnant of that raging mone,  
did all escape his eare:  
For euery woord brought forth a grone,  
and euery grone a teare.

And neuer when he did repaire,  
both face and voyce he knew:  
He saw that Phillis was come there,  
her plaints for to renew:  
Thus leaving her vnto her plaints,  
and sorrow-flaking grones:  
He heard her deadly discontents,  
thus all breahe forth at once.

Amyntas, is my loue to thee  
of such a light account,  
That thou disdainst to looke on mee,  
or loue as thou wast wont? (make,  
Were those the oathes that thou didst  
the vowes thou didst conceine,  
When I for thy contentments sake,  
mine hearts delight did leaue?

How oft didst thou protest to me,  
the Heauens should turne to nought:  
The Sunne should first obscured be,  
er'e thou wouldst change thy thought:  
Then Heauen, disolue without delay:  
Sunne shew thy face no more,  
Amyntas loue is lost for aye,  
and woe is me therefore.

Well might I, if I had beene wise,  
foresene what now I finde:  
But too much loue did fill mine eyes,  
and made my iudgement blinde:  
But ah, alas! the effect doth proue,  
thy vists were but deceit,  
For true and vndissembled loue,  
will neuer turne to hate.

All thy behauiours were (God knowes)  
too smooth and too discreet:  
Like Sugar which impoisoned growes,  
suspect because its sweet:  
Mine oathes & vowes did promise more  
then well thou couldst performe,  
Each like a clame that comes before  
an vn suspected foe.

God knowes, it would not graue me  
for to be killd for thee: (much  
But oh! too nere it doth me touch,  
that thou shouldst murder me:  
God knowes, I care not for the paine  
can come for losse of breath:  
Tis thy vnkindnesse, cruell Swaine,  
that grieues me to the death.

Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,  
if any fault of mine  
Hath given thee cause thus to betray  
mine hearts delight and thine?  
No no alas it could not be,  
my loue to thee was such,  
Unlesse if that I vied thee,  
in louing thee too much.

But ah, alas, what doe I gaine,  
by these my fond complaints?  
By dolour double thy disdain,  
my grieue thy ioy augments:  
Although it yeld no greater good,  
it oft doth ease my mind:  
For to reproch thy ingratitude  
of him who is vnkind.

With that her hand cold, wan, and pale,  
vpon her brest she layes:  
And seeing that her breath did faile,  
the sighes, and then she saies,  
Amyntas, and with that poore maid,  
the sigh'd againe full soze:  
That after that she neuer said,  
noe sigh'd noe breath'd no more.

FINIS. R. A.

# The complaint of the Shepheard Harpalus.

To a pleasant new tune.



**P**oore Harpalus, o poorest with lone,  
 Fate by a cristfall Booke:  
 Thinking his sorowes to remoue,  
 oft times therein did looke:  
 And hearing how on pibble stones,  
 the murmuring river ran,  
 As if it had bewaild his grones,  
 vnto it thus began.

Faire streame (quoth he) that pitties me  
 and heares my matchlesse mone,  
 If thou be going to the Sea:  
 as I doe now suppon:  
 Attend my plaints past all reliefe,  
 which dolefully I breath, (griefe  
 Acquaint the Sea, & imphs with the  
 which still procures my death.

Who sitting in the clifffe Rocks,  
 may in their songs expresse,  
 While as they combe their golden locks,  
 poore Harpalus distresse  
 And so perhaps some passenger,  
 that passeth by the way,  
 Say say and listen for to heare  
 them sing this dolefull Lay,

Poore Harpalus, a Shepheard Swaine,  
 more rich in youth then now:  
 Lou'd faire Philena haplesse man,  
 Philena, oh therefore:  
 Who still remorselesse hearted maid,  
 tooke pleasure in his paine:

And b's good will, poorest oule, repaid  
 with vnderfer'd disdain.

Pere Shepheard lou'd a Shepheardesse,  
 more faithfully then he:  
 Pere Shepheard yet beloued lesse  
 of Shepheardesse could be:  
 How oft did he with dying lookes,  
 to her his woes impart?  
 How oft his sighs did testifie  
 the dolour of his heart?

How oft from Vallies to the Hills  
 did he his griefe rehearse?  
 How oft re-echoed they his ill,  
 abacke againe (alas?)  
 How of on Barkes of stately Pines,  
 of Birch, of Holly, greene,  
 Did he ingrave in mounfull lines,  
 the griefe he did sustaine?

Pet all his plaints could haue no place,  
 to change Philena's mind:  
 The more his sorowes did increase,  
 the more she prou'd unkind:  
 He thought thereof with wearied care,  
 poore Harpalus did mone,  
 That overcome with high despair,  
 he lost both life and a one.

FINIS.

D.M.

At London Printed for H.G.